



A GRAND INTERPRETATION OF THE GOLDEN RULE

(Written Specially For The Bulletin.)

Some very interesting news has come out of Colorado, lately. At least it has been interesting to me, and perhaps may be to some of you.

For a first taste, they've just got the Moffat railroad which crosses the big divide open for trains. Snow-plows and gangs of shovelers have been fighting the snow-drifts in its cuts and passes for over a month. Sometimes the plows would keep the tracks for ten rods. Other times, they'd go off into the drifts almost as soon as they struck them. It was not only the snow they had to fight. This lay on the tracks up to late April anywhere from six to thirty feet deep. But the ice on the rails underneath was so thick and so hard and so slippery that neither snow-plows nor locomotives were able to stay on the rails. They had to be towed by teams of horses. If they undertook to "buck" the drift, the drivers would simply spin helplessly on the icy rails, and the plow would flip itself into the air or over the side. So they had to fall back on shovels and picks and human muscle, using the plows only to clean up a little, after the plow had been dug out of ice.

Mind you, this fight was kept up practically all through "wintery April." While we of New England were wondering what was the matter with the weather and why spring was so much like a cold, our winter, those people out in Colorado, shoveling snow with desperate anxiety, knew what was the matter. They were face to face with it and up to their necks in it.

As I've read in a Denver paper the story of their month-long struggle with snow-drifts at the very time they ought, normally, to have been plowing and planting, I've somehow got an inkling of what has been the trouble with the rest of our weather. Back of the snow-drifts, which have been the generators of the cold which has been keeping all the country east of them in a state of despair, is a series of snow-drifts, moving from west to east, it is no wonder that the hordes blowing over and across that huge mountain system, still buried deep in Arctic snows, should be chilled and frozen to an extent from which they could not recover before reaching the Atlantic shore.

If you don't like my explanation, you have the indefatigable right of every American citizen to deny it and make up one of your own. But I shall stick to it till some irrefragable argument against it knocks me off my pins. Nor do I hesitate to say that if my theory is correct, Colorado and the Rocky Mountains ought to be ashamed of themselves.

A little above I wrote of the gangs of men shoveling snow in a "desperate anxiety" to open that railroad. "Desperate" is the very word. For, in the valleys and habitable uplands which lay beyond the snow-drifts, where the hordes of farmers, that off absolutely from all communication with the rest of the world and some of them in sore straits of need. Were still in a way, there were thousands of cattle—horses, cows and sheep—on these snow-covered and snow-blockaded ranches dying of starvation. Unaided during the exceptional winter to take out the herds for pasture on the open ranges, the ranchers' supply of cut fodder had been used up earlier than usual. Then, at the very time when the thaw of spring should have uncovered spots, at least, of the neighboring mountain grasses, the second winter of March-April set in with almost daily snow-falls. Hills and valleys were buried so deeply that even the wild elk couldn't pay up a mouthful of forage. Herds of wild creatures, accustomed to living under severe natural conditions, found themselves starving and half-dead pining around scattered ranches in the vain hope that the human being there might help them.

That was the knowledge which spurred the snow-fighters on the railroad to daily and nightly desperate struggles that they might open a way to save both men and animals, perishing in the white and hopeless beyond. Occasionally a rancher on snow-drifts would make his way to the fighting line with new and always more gruesome tales of the starvation back behind him. One such forced his way out with the appeal of a sufferer injured in some accident and slowly bleeding to death, because no surgeon could reach him. A Denver doctor chartered an airplane, flew more than two hundred miles over the unbroken snow fields and arrived just in time to tie up

the torn veins and save the poor fellow's life.

Talk about Paul Revere's ride! Seems to me that humane doctor's brave flight of nearly three hours, in a zero temperature, two thousand feet above a trackless expanse of drifted snow, to use his skill in saving a stranger's life, every rule at the risk of his own, deserves some commemoration.

Even with all the resources of the railroad and all the skill of its trained snow-fighters and all the energy of the thousands of volunteers who essayed to help them, the work was so slow and had to be done over again so many times, owing to the snow-falls and plunging snow-slides, that additional gangs were summoned out to open a highway over another pass. This last attempt succeeded first and foremost because it was declared practicable, huge sled-loads of needed supplies and forage were sent over it to support as many as horses could reach.

Soon afterward, the railroad managed to get a few small trains across, and the worst of the danger was met. But, as late as May 7th, that road was still being blocked daily in cuts and narrow places by fresh snow slides which compelled the shoveling gangs to stick to their job, day and night.

Say, brother, we've been having a tough time of it, this spring, right here in New England. We aren't out of the woods yet. But, really, now, are we? You're a farmer in New England, rather than a rancher in Colorado? Would you trade even, if you had the chance?

So much about the weather, etc. The same paper which tells the story of the suffering of the ranchmen and their stock and the wild herds of the overhanging mountains, tells another tale. The second one is of practical Christianity, applied to hay-mows and oat-bins.

Grand county, over in the Middle Park district, was one of the worst hit by the April blizzards. Stockmen all over the county were caught with thousands of hungry cattle and nothing to feed them. Only a very few had forage enough for themselves and to spare. The reporter who tells the tale gives the names of half-a-dozen of these latter who the destitute ranchmen appealed to.

One was L. W. (Dick) McQuay. He had plenty of hay and oats. They came to him, offering him \$75 a ton for his hay which was worth about \$25, and prices that would turn a profit for him with any for his oats. Did he sell them?

He did not.

He refused to sell a pound of either to any of his neighbors. Instead, he divided up his supply with them, as long as it lasted, without taking a single red cent, only asking them to consider the supply a loan and return it when they had a new stock. Jones Brothers Cattle Company—the biggest cattle concern in the county—did exactly the same. Frank took ground up the seed oats, barley and other grains he had laid in for his spring's work and lent the feed out on the same plan. At least three others who happened to be "well fixed" are quoted as having been equally generous. One man had thus lent out forty-two tons of hay and five and a half tons of oats. When supplies from outside began to dribble in, he had been offered \$75 a ton for that hay. He will be repaid next summer with forty-two tons worth probably about \$19 a ton. Not only that, but this man also gave all his own time for two weeks—he is credited with being "Colorado's greatest road builder"—the use of all his teams and tools and of all his employees who could be spared, to the work of opening the roads.

How does this part of the story impress you, reader?

I confess it brings jumps into my throat and sets me blinking, hard and fast, to keep the tears back. At the same time it makes me feel like going out into the open and yelling "hurrahs" till my tonsils are sore.

These men were farmers, as you and I are. They had the chance to treble and quadruple their money. All they had to do was to "take advantage of the market"—the market sent killing by the necessities of others.

And they refused to do it. They re-

turned to make the need of their neighbors an opportunity for swelling their own gains. Instead they promptly, liberally, with open eyes and open hands, took an actual loss for the sake of those neighbors. They did unto others what it may be presumed they would be liked otherwise to do unto them, had conditions been reversed.

I'm proud of them, though I never saw and never shall see one of them. I'm proud that they were fellow farmers. I'm proud that they were fellow men and human beings. I'm proud that, instead of demanding two eyes for an eye and two teeth for a tooth, when their suffering neighbors appealed to them for a coat, they gave it—and the cloak, too!

There should be a real Golden Book to hold engraved within it for the honoring of this and following generations the story of such deeds.

On one side are the devotees of "business," whose rules seem to be to go as fast as they can while the going is good; to make all they can while the making is possible; to look out for themselves and let the devil take the other fellow.

THE FARMER.

WESTERLY

For the first time in two hundred and fifty-one years, or since the founding of the town of Westerly, a real naval board of inquiry is in session here. This unusual event is held here by order of the president of the board, Admiral Herbert O. Dunn, a native and legal resident of the town, and because Westerly is fully as convenient as Newport for the witnesses, and an opportunity is given the admiral to entertain the officers of the court at his summer home. This is an adjourned session of the court of inquiry that has held sessions at Westport and Washington and is charged with a thorough investigation of the alleged immoral conduct of the naval vice squad in Newport to detect alleged gross immorality at Newport during the war period. The inquiry is based on allegations printed in the Providence Journal and personal communication of John R. Rathbone, the editor, direct to department of the government.

Mr. Rathbone was the witness examined Thursday and he stated plainly that he had no facts in his possession, of personal knowledge, aside from what had been printed in his newspaper in connection with the case under inquiry.

Franklin D. Roosevelt, assistant secretary of the navy, will probably testify at today's (Friday's) session. Residing Admiral Dunn, the court of inquiry is composed of Captains David E. Thelen and John F. Hines, with Henry S. Hyneman as judge advocate, Claude R. Branch is counsel for complainants, and the sessions are being held in the superior court room and are public.

The Rhode Island Association of Congregational Ministers will meet in the Congregational church at Rumford, Monday, June 7. There will be a business session at 10.30 followed by a devotional service, led by Rev. George L. Broomfield. Under the head Discussion on Church Membership, these topics will be discussed: Standards for Uniting, by Rev. Seelye Bryant; Interesting New Members, by Rev. Frederick A. MacDonaid, of Westerly; Dismissal of Members, by Rev. Frank E. Butler, Henry Robinson Palmer, of Stonington, editorial writer of the Providence Journal, and Rev. Edward L. Marsh, will be the speakers.

"That muffled drum's sad roll that beat the soldier's last tattoo," was not heard at the funeral Thursday afternoon of Clarence M. Perry, the first service man to die on foreign soil in the world war and whose body was forwarded to his home for burial. Prayers were offered at the home of the colored boy's mother, Mrs. Sarah Carpenter, in Main street. Funeral services were held in the little Advent church in Pleasant street, and burial was in Oak Grove cemetery, Ashaway. The young patriot served in the navy and died in Brest, France, October 3, 1918 from pneumonia.

On theasket was an American flag furnished by the governor and that was all to indicate that the funeral was of a man who died in the service of his country, and was entitled to burial with military honors. Perhaps, on Memorial day, a committee of the Grand Army of the Republic, will place a wreath on the grave of young Perry. He was not a member of the American Legion as that patriotic organization came into existence after his death.

Several Rhode Island women have been selected as delegates and alternates to the national republican convention at

Narragansett the twenty-seventh in line. The local contingent made a fine appearance and was headed by the American Legion band of Providence. The trip from Westerly and return was made in automobiles owned by Knights of Narragansett Commandery.

The demonstration was a prelude to the reception and banquet at Masonic temple, and the semi-annual convocation of the grand commandery today (Friday).

Miss Clara Bell Black, a graduate of Westerly High school, class of 1914, was among the thirty-six nurses graduated Wednesday night from the Rhode Island Hospital Training School for Nurses. The diplomas were presented by Jesse H. Metcalf, president of the board of trustees of the hospital.

An interesting address on the present day results of the endeavors of Florence Nightingale about seventy-five years ago was given by Miss Annie W. Goodrich, director of nursing and health at the Henry Street Settlement New York,

assistant professor of nurses and health in the Teachers' college of Columbia university, and organizer and former dean of the Army School for Nurses.

Dr. Edwin Whitford presided at the annual meeting of the Westerly district of the Rhode Island Sunday School association, held in Grace Methodist church. These officers were elected: Edwin Whitford, president; Mrs. Paul P. Estey, secretary; Albert R. Bailey, treasurer. Resolutions were adopted, thanking the Methodist church for hospitality, supporting the East Greenwich Summer School, requesting a teachers' institute next fall and winter, and expressing approval of the Volstead act, and the eighteenth amendment. The speakers were Rev. M. E. Bratton of Providence, Dr. E. A. O'Brien of Providence and Dr. P. W. Gray of Olneyville.

The Rhode Island state board, Daughters of the American Revolution, held a session at the Elm street home of Mrs. Samuel H. Davis, the recently elected state regent. Mrs. Davis submitted the

report of the national board meeting in Washington, and outlined the work for the several chapters in the state for the year ensuing. She desired all to concentrate on educational lines, Americanization and conservation.

Money was pledged for the Sarah Gurnsey scholarship, for the Tomlinson school, and for the American International college.

It was suggested that the war service records of the world war be compiled and sent to the national historian, for preservation in the national library, with the war records of other states.

Local Lacrosse:

A game of lacrosse is scheduled for Saturday afternoon, at Veto field, between Westerly High school and the Vocational School, of New London.

There will be a registered shoot under the auspices of the South County Rod and Gun club, Sunday.

There was good basis for the rumor recently printed in The Bulletin, Charles R. Johnson and Harry Trefes have par-

chased from the Shore Line Electric Railway company, the land and chassis at Atlantic beach.

Miss Ida Rathbone, of Westerly, married at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. William Tappan, in Rock street, Wednesday, Rev. Philip Salter, officiating. They were attended by Miss Amy Johnson and Clifford Rathbone.

Mrs. Albert B. Crafts and daughter, Alberta, of Providence, and Miss Dorothy Rod of Uxbridge, Mass. are at the Crafts cottage Pleasant View.

Rev. Edmund J. Cleveland conducted the funeral services of Miss Julia E. Stahle, at the home of her brother, Henry A. Stahle. There were beautiful floral tributes. Burial was at River Bend, Thursday afternoon.

MOOSUP

Rowland's Jazz band, Ashland, Mass., at Atlantic beach, Decoration day, 8:30, new time—adv.

The Eagle Clothing Company's

15% Discount Sale

has proven that real legitimate merchandising is fully appreciated by the public. Owing to so much unfavorable weather, we were greatly over-stocked and announced a general reduction of 15% on all merchandise in our store, embracing the season's choicest productions for

Men, Women, Boys and Children

Our intention was to run this sale for 7 days only, but the response to our efforts proved so satisfactory that we decided to continue for a while longer and accept as our recompense the lasting appreciation and confidence of our customers.

REMEMBER—15 PER CENT. DISCOUNT

with us means more real saving than can be had at some stores where discounts of 20 to 40% is quoted, as the majority of the people have come to know our regular prices are by far the lowest in the city for merchandise of equal standard.

LADIES' COATS,
SUITS, DRESSES,
WAISTS, SKIRTS
AND
SUMMER FURS

MEN'S AND YOUNG
MEN'S SUITS, AUTO
COATS, DRESS AND
WORKING PANTS,
RAINCOATS, ETC.

MEN'S FURNISHINGS
of every description, also
Hats and Caps for Men,
Boys and Children.

15% OFF 15% OFF 15% OFF
New Straw Hats Included

"Famous Arrow Brand Collars, all styles, soft and stiff—for this sale 20c each."

EXTRA SPECIAL!

After several days selling at 15% discount we find several lines of Young Men's Suits broken in sizes, leaving in many cases only one of a lot. These we have grouped together to the number of 118 Suits. The regular prices of which were from \$35.00 to \$42.50.

YOUR CHOICE \$27.50 FROM THIS LOT

We advise the young man who wants to get a real bargain to be on the job early, as they won't last long at this price.

THE EAGLE CLOTHING COMPANY

"Outfitters to Men and Women"

152-154 MAIN STREET

NORWICH, CONN.

Actual Experience teaches that coffee is often harmful to health because of the drug "caffeine" which it contains.

INSTANT POSTUM

is free from all harmful substances. It is a delicious cereal beverage with a coffee-like flavor. Entirely healthful! Try a tin from the grocer.

Made by Postum Cereal Co., Battle Creek, Mich.



CONFECTIONER AND CATERER

CHOCOLATE SALE FOR FRIDAY AND SATURDAY

We have discovered something. We sold more chocolates during the chocolate sale of last week, in four days, than we had sold for four weeks—

SO HERE'S ANOTHER SALE

Chocolate Covered Almonds, lb.	79c	Chocolate, Soft Carmels lb.	39c
Bitter Sweet Peppermints, lb.	50c	Chocolate Vanilla Bitter Sweets, lb.	50c
All our 80c Chocolates, assorted or mixed to order, lb.	65c	Small Chocolate Mints lb.	65c
Chocolate Covered Spanish Taffey, lb.	59c	All our \$1.00 Chocolates lb.	85c

Again to take the liberty to remind our patrons to eat more chocolates and buy less straight sugar candies, until the price of sugar drops.

S. F. PETERSON, Inc.

130 MAIN STREET